And they did make no noyſe, in ſuch a night,
Troylus me-thinks mounted the Troyan wals,
And ſigh'd his ſoule toward the Grecian Tents
Where *Creſſada* lay that night.
Ieſſica. In ſuch a night
Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dew,
And ſaw the Lyons ſhadow ere himſelfe,
And ranne diſmayed away.
Loren. In ſuch a night
Stood *Dido* with a willow in her hand
Vpon the wilde ſea banks, and waft her Loue
To come againe to *Carthage*.
Ieſſica. In ſuch a night,
Medea gathered the inchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Eſon*.
Loren. In ſuch a night
Did *Ieſſica* ſteale from the wealthy Iew,
And with an vnthrift loue did runne from Venice,
As farre as Belmont.
Ieſſica. In ſuch a night
Did young *Lorenzo* ſweare he loued her well,
Stealing her ſoule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one.
Loren. In ſuch a night
Did pretty *Ieſſica* (like a little ſhrew)
Slander her Loue, and he forgaue it her.
Ieſſica. I would out-night you did nobody come:
But hearke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Loren. Who comes ſo faſt in ſilence of the night?
Meſſen. A friend.
Loren. A friend, what friend, your name I pray you friend.
Meſſen. *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word
My miſtris will before the breake of day

Be heere at *Belmont*, ſhe doth ſtray about
By holy croſſes where ſhe kneeles and prayes
For happy wedlockes houres.
Loren. Who comes with her?
Meſſen. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:
I pray you is my Maſter yet return'd?
Loren. He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee *Ieſſica*,
And ceremoniouſly let vs prepare
Some welcome for the Miſtris of the houſe.

Enter Clowne.

Clowne. Sola, ſola: wo ha, ho ſola, ſola.
Loren. Who calles?
Clown. Sola, did you ſee M. *Lorenzo*, M. *Lorenzo*, ſola, ſola.
Loren. Leaue hollowing man, heere,
Clown. Sola, where, where?
Loren. Heere.
Clown. Tell him there's a Poſt come from my Maſter, with his horne full of good newes, my Maſter will be heere ere morning, ſweete ſoule.
Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming,
And yet no matter; why ſhould we go in?
My friend *Stephano*, ſignifie I pray you
Within the houſe, your miſtris is at hand,
And bring your muſicke foorth into the ayre.
How ſweete the Moone-light ſleepes vpon this banke,
Heere will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſicke
Creepe in our eares ſoft ſtilneſſe, and the night
Become the tutches of ſweete harmony:
Sit *Ieſſica*, looke how the floore of heauen
Is thicke inlayed with pattents of bright gold,
There's not the ſmalleſt orbe which thou beholdſt,
But in his motion like an Angell ſings,
Still quiring to the young eide Cherubins;

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22297) LONDON, 1600 [1619] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.31) Octavo